

The World

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 10 1/2
Park Row, New York.

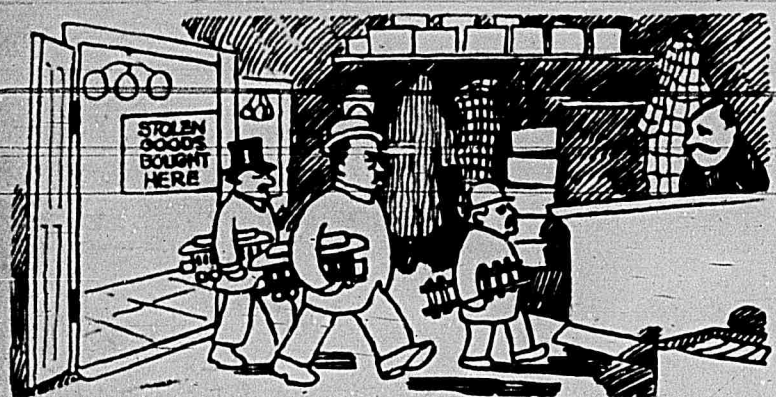
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States:
One year, \$1.00
One month, \$0.10
One week, \$0.03
For England and the Colonies, and for all other countries, add postage.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Postage paid at New York, N. Y.
VOLUME 48, NO. 10,851.

THE THIEVES.

A FENCE confessed Tuesday. A fence is well known in all agricultural communities as, to quote from the Standard Dictionary, "A structure or barrier inclosing a field, yard or other space or separating it from an adjoining tract, especially a structure of rails, boards, pickets, wires or wooden or metal open work."
Another dictionary definition of a fence, and one which is particularly fitting, in view of Tony Brady's testimony before the Public Service Commission, is "one who knowingly receives or purchases stolen goods, or the place where such goods are received."

It appears that Brady acted as the fence for the receipt and distribution of \$965,507.19 stolen from the Metropolitan Securities Company, and that this stolen money was divided with mathematical exactness to the last penny between William C. Whitney, Thomas F. Ryan, Thomas Dolan, P. A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins and a brokerage firm.

This testimony should give a valuable clue to the manner in which the other stolen millions were handled and apportioned. After the deductions for the services of various lawyers, politicians, hoodlums and fences the net proceeds of the thefts were apparently divided into five equal parts, two of which went to Whitney and Ryan and three to the original Philadelphia gang.



Mr. Ivins should put on the witness stand the men who acted as fences in other transactions. There were some \$6,000,000 stolen in the Thirty-fourth street construction, \$2,000,000 in the Second Avenue, \$20,000,000 odd in the Third Avenue reorganization. How many more millions were stolen in connection with the Lexington avenue, the Huckleberry, the Washington Heights extensions and the Metropolitan recapitalization no one knows except the fences and the thieves.

A committee of bankers representing investors in these stocks and bonds has the impudence to propose the abolition of the free transfer system, in order that the people of New York by paying more money in street car fares shall reimburse the amount of these colossal thefts.

What should be done is first to send all the thieves to jail, and second, to collect from their estates the amounts which they have stolen. To compel Whitney, Ryan, Dolan, Widener, Elkins and Brady to refund the loot which they have divided would empty off a great part of the bonds and stock which were issued to furnish theft money.

What an opportunity Mr. Jerome has thrown away.

He should humble himself before Amory and Tillinghast. He should go over to Blackwell's Island and do penance in the cell to which he had Tillinghast consigned because that poor, misguided fool yielded to the impulses of his conscience and confessed.

William Travers Jerome came into office with the brightest prospects that any man could have. Opportunity pounded on his door with a club. Amory presented to him the evidence that \$30,000,000 had been stolen. Mr. Jerome barred the door of the courts of justice. He scorned the evidence in his possession. He punished Tillinghast, who confessed.

Now that Brady, like Tillinghast, has confessed, why does not Mr. Jerome send Brady, like Tillinghast, to the penitentiary?

The very thefts to which Tony Brady confessed took place while William Travers Jerome was District Attorney.

Letters from the People.

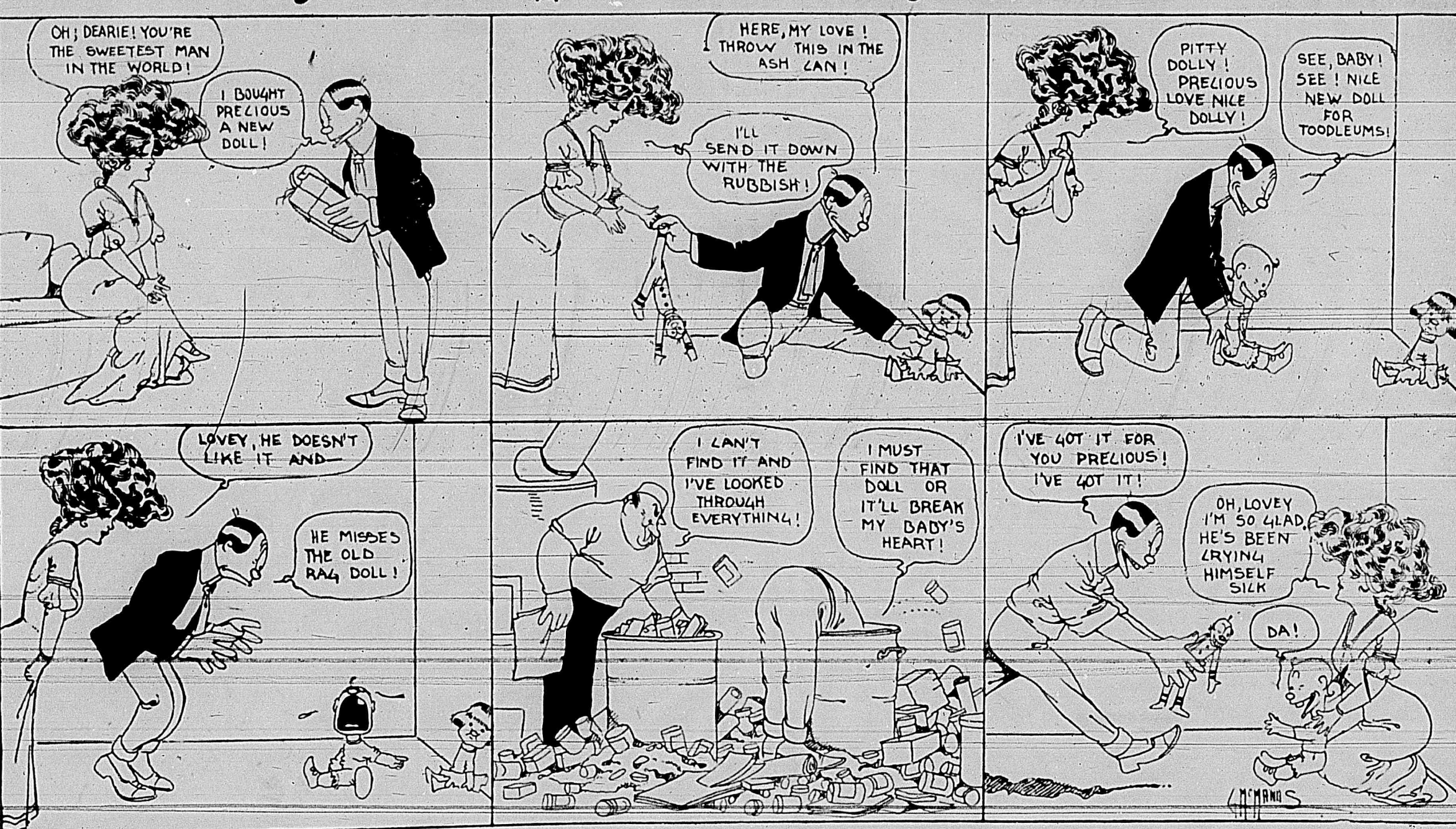
American and German Women.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am an American woman and have traveled considerably in Germany. There are no better wives on earth than the German housewives. Witness the wonderful progress of the German people in the sciences and arts. The German wife does not gamble, smoke or drink excess, but stays at home and attends to her household duties and family affairs. Work in which she has no equal. Can you say the same of most American women? American women are very nice to look at. Look at the number of divorces each year! The real cause of many divorces is to be found at home. A husband is discontented because of a wife who knows how to do everything first—spending money extravagantly and wastefully to operating a typewriter but does not know the first thing about keeping house or rearing a family.
AMERICAN MAN.

A Railroad Power.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Will some genius at mathematics kindly work out the following sum: A train running from A to B meets with an accident, which delays it 45 minutes. It then proceeds at five-fifths its former rate and arrives at B 75 minutes late. Had the accident occurred 45 miles nearer A the train would have been 50 minutes late. Find the rate of the train before the accident and the distance from A to B from the point of detention.
A. SHATSKY, Bedford Park.

Marriage Epidemic in Office.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For the last year and a half, since the company where I am employed opened for business, four employees have been married, and it is estimated that on account of next year being leap year there will be at least six marriages in the year of 1908. What office can beat this record?
NEXT.

Small Pay and Big Theft.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read that banks have been robbed of \$2,000,000 during the first six months of the present year. The banks could have saved part of this money, I think, by paying their employees more. Take, for instance, Casper L. Hunsen. He gets thirty dollars per week—a small salary he held. I am twenty years of age and attended college for four years. I am at present employed by a bank as book-keeper. My hours are from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M., which is often 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening (at the end of the month generally to 11 or 12 o'clock in the evening). For all this hard work I get forty dollars per month (calculated in banks are often quoted by the month so that they look large).
D. D.

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



Mystery Is Cupid's Best Friend

By Helen Oldfield

FROM the days of Mother Eve the unknown is said to have had a peculiar attraction for her sex. A flavor of mystery is seductive and curiosity whets the appetite, whether it be bodily, mental or spiritual.
When Hoch was exposed and his career of robbery through marriage brought to a close, when the newspapers were publishing story after story of his number one victims, one of these wailed to the reporter who was interviewing her: "He was unlike all the other men I ever knew; there was something strangely fascinating about him. Nobody knew anything about him!" Exactly so. That was his chief attraction. Women are nothing if not imaginative, and this one discovered every virtue in the impostor who possessed not a single good quality, who no longer was young, who, according to his pictures, was anything but handsome, and whose whole stock in trade appears to have been a gift tongue and a winning way with women.
Because she knew nothing of him she could let her imagination have full rein. It seems that she was a pretty woman, something of a belle in her own set; and probably she had had the opportunity of bestowing her affections and her little fortune upon more than one young man who was not only honest but better looking than this captivating stranger. But, no; there was nothing vague and un-

usual about them. Long acquaintance had taught her to regard them as hopelessly commonplace, and she was attracted by the novelty of the man who came from nowhere and who went to nowhere.
People are but too prone to neglect, if not to despise, the folk they know in favor of those of whom they know nothing.—Chicago Tribune.

A Queer Philanthropy.

IN former times England did not hesitate to regulate the sale of coal in the interests of the poor. In 1555, when the duty on coal in London was 1 shilling (25 cents) a chaldron (generally thirty-six bushels), Cromwell granted the city corporation a license to import 400 chaldrons duty free every year for the poor citizens. At the same time it was provided that the city companies should lay up stores of coal in summer (from three to six chaldrons, as they were able), to be retailed in the winter in small quantities. And, in order to prevent extortion, conspiracy and monopoly, retail dealers were prohibited under penalties from contracting for coal or meeting the coal vessels before they arrived in the port of London.

"Steeple Jack" Ivins.

By Maurice Ketten.



66 WHAT is a "limerick"? asked Mrs. Jarr. "I see they are offering prizes for them in The Evening World."
"A limerick is a foolish rhyme, or rather a five-line verse, the first and second and fifth lines rhyme with each other, while the third and fourth lines, packed in the middle of the 'limerick,' rhyme independently with each other," said Mr. Jarr, looking up from his newspaper.
"I know as much about them now as when I first asked you," said Mrs. Jarr, sharply.
"Why don't you look in the paper, then? They are there, and you can see just as well as I can," replied Mr. Jarr, roughly.
"How can I see anything in the paper?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Do I get time enough to even look at the divorce cases? And it's no wonder the papers are full of them, the way men act these days, and I'm sure they might advertise things for half what they cost and I'd never know it, because I do not get time to look. Anyway, I'm not interested in 'limericks!'"
"What did you ask me for, then?" grumbled Mr. Jarr.
"Because I'm foolish enough to like to have you talk to me the few times you are home, the little while you are in the house!" said Mrs. Jarr, with feeling. "Besides, I felt sure you wouldn't tell me if I did ask."
"Oh, don't fly up like that!" said Mr. Jarr. "I can tell you dozens of 'limericks.' If you want to hear 'limericks,' I'm the boy to tell 'em to you. I used to be a fiend for them."
"Let's hear them," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll bet you do not know a one."
"Ma!" said Mr. Jarr. "Just listen:
There was a young lady of Leeds
Who had a collection of beads;
And she'd been nice and so far,
All handsome young men
Whom she strung, just the same as the beads."
"I don't think much of that one," said Mrs. Jarr.
"Anything to please and satisfy you," said Mr. Jarr. "Here's another:
There once was a blushing young bride,
You must believe in the tunnel she cried.
I can't kiss in the gloom,
It's too dark," said the groom.
"Well, somebody did," she replied.
"I notice your mind seems to run on girls," said Mrs. Jarr, suspiciously. "Are 'limericks' all about them?"
"Not at all," said Mr. Jarr. "Listen:
There was an old man of Dunroose
Whose parrot bit off his nose;
His wife said 'I've heard
Meat's not good for the bird,
Poor Poll will be sick, I suppose.'
"Or: There was a young man of Toulon,
Who wouldn't say 'Boo' to a goose;
When he was asked why,
He'd bashfully cry:
'Ah, wot 'ell is the use.'
"I think it would be nice to get up a 'limerick' party," said Mrs. Jarr. "We make everybody recite original ones. You could write down some for me to remember, couldn't you?"
"Well, I suppose I could," said Mr. Jarr. "How would these do?"
"There was a young girl of Deloth,
Who signed for a crown in her youth;
And lo, and behold!
She got one of pure gold.
That a dentist put on her front tooth!"
"Or: There was a young girl at a junction,
Who wept as if wrung by compunction;
When asked why she cried,
I was to be wed!" she replied.
"But I can't think where they're holding the function?"
"Or: There was a young girl of Leghorn,
Who danced from night until morn,
Till her feet got so sore,
That she cried out 'No more!'
Till I have to acknowledge the worst!"
"Or: There was a young girl named Phlegma,
Who said: 'I just dote on Bohemia!
Through red wine and spaghetti
She's no longer pretty,
And her nose shows no sign of anemia."
"Oh, that will do! That will do!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But why do they call them 'limericks'?"
"Ah," said Mr. Jarr, "that's the great mystery!"
"It's something you'd be ashamed to tell," said Mrs. Jarr.
"Not at all," said Mr. Jarr, "but I've heard it because there has been no rhyme ever found for 'limericks!'"
"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Jarr. "It's not because you won't tell, but because you CAN'T tell. There's always something like that in those things." And she will not be convinced otherwise.

The Thirteen Woman.

A WOMAN has died at the age of eighty-two in Mercer County, Pa., who tried the luck of thirteen often enough. She was born Sept. 12, 1825; married twice, each time on the 13th of the month; was one of thirteen children and the thirteenth to die; had thirteen children, thirty-four grandchildren and twenty-one great-grandchildren—the difference between the last two numbers being thirteen—and to go well with this story, her name was Delilah Gilling, and there are thirteen letters in it.